

2148
102
ct
THE
LOCUSTS:

O R,

Jan 2

Chancery Painted to the Life,

And the

Laws of *ENGLAND*

Try'd in

Forma Pauperis.

A

P O E M.

Odi Profanum Vulgus & arceo. Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 1.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year, M.DCC.IV.

S.
UK
909.2
LOC

7
+
8
11

THE

LOCUSTS

OR

CHICKEN & RABBIT TO THE LIFE

AND THE

FEELING AND

TOY IN

FOR THE

P O E M

THE

THE
THE
THE

7-8-44. Robinson

THE PREFACE.

I Find it necessary to inform the Reader, that he may not be deceiv'd in his Expectations of the following Poem, which is but as yet like the first Draught, or Out-lines and Scetches, of a Piece of Painting, which cannot properly be judg'd of till finish'd: Tho' 'tis easie to discern, even from such a rude Draught as this, whether the Strokes be masterly, and the Picture will deserve finishing. There are many Things wanting to make this seem all of a piece, which cou'd not be conveniently brought within the narrow Limits of these few Sheets; therefore the following may not be improperly call'd the Out-lines, because there are Spaces of Time and Transactions left, as in a Picture, to colour and work it up to its design'd Magnitude, and just Proportions, if this be receiv'd with Candor.

If our Modern Lawyers had either more Learning, or more Modesty, at the Bar, they wou'd not be so fond of exposing themselves so much to the Censure of Men of Sense of their own Country, or become the Jest and Ridicule of Strangers of all Nations. For how ridiculous 'tis

7-8-44. Robinson

The PREFACE.

'tis for them, few of whom are either Masters of Language or Letters, to set up for Orators, and pretend to vie with Demosthenes in the Senate, or Tully at the Bar, when alas! what they call Oratory, is nothing else but Billingsgate Dialect, or very little better. Nay, 'tis notoriously scandalous, that in our Courts of Justice, and particularly in Chancery-Mens Reputations, (of which the Law has always had equal Regard to, and been as Tender of, as Mens Estates) should lye at the Mercy of a Lawyer's Tongue, and be publickly aspers'd in open Court, perhaps, upon the bare Allegations of his Adversary, or some malicious Suggestions from the Attorney, or Solicitor, and without Affidavits, or any manner of Evidence, to prove what they alledge.

If such Things are to be tolerated, 'tis in vain for any Man to value himself upon his Fame or Honour. For if he have a Cause in Chancery, he must expect to be traduc'd and vilified, how cautious soever he has been to preserve his Reputation beforehand.

T H E

THE
LOCUSTS:

O R,

Chancery Painted to the LIFE.

HOW this sad Change of State *Apollo* tell,
Our Laws like *Lucifer* from Heav'n fell,
To raise a *Chancery* here, as he from Heav'n
(made Hell
Aid me, all ye Infernal Pow'rs, to draw
This huge, fell, monstrous *Hydra* of the Law;
Who Prince of this Land Pow'r securely Reigns,
And Law and Reason Tyrant-like Disdains:

B

Plac'd

Plac'd at the Helm of State, to Rule and Guide,
 This horrid Fiend elates it's Head with Pride.

Once *England* happy was when Laws did Sway,
 But they'll ne'er see again that joyful Day ;
 When trusty Patriots up for Freedom stood,
 And stemm'd the Torrent of the impetuous Flood ;
 When *Norman William* with Wars direful Pow'r,
 Attempted Law and Freedom to Devour.
 For when the War-like *Danes* the Scepter sway'd,
 They rul'd by Law, and were by Laws obey'd.
 No false-nam'd Courts of Equity were known,
 Or Arbitrary Rules to trample down,
 The Common Laws that best support the Crown.

Tell me, ye learned Sages, that have read
 Those Sacred Volumes that enshrine the Dead,
 Tell me what those Wise Legislators thought,
 When they for *English* Laws and Freedom wrote.

How

How long will *Fortescue* and *Fleta* Live,
 And *Littleton* the Fate of Time Survive?
 How *Coke* to endless Days be tumbled o'er,
 When Lawless *Chancery* shall be no more?
Bacon, 'tis true, with Glory fill'd the Chair,
 But then he made the Law his chiefest Care:
 Others less Noble have too Partial been,
 Not made the Law their Rule, but Equity their
 (Screen:
 'Twou'd be a Task I fear too long for Verse,
 Shou'd I the Brib'ries of that Seat Rehearse,
 And all the foul Corruptions that arise,
 From base Ambition, Pride and Avarice.
 Here I shall stop the Venom of my Pen,
 And leave Hell-fire to Purge such vicious Men.

Then first, my Muse with careful heed survey
 The Times of Old, when Law in Darkness lay,
 And Anarchy possess'd uninterrupted Sway.

When Men with Men promiscuously did herd,
 E'er Property was known, or Laws were fear'd,
 Then Murders, Rapes and Riots, were in Vogue,
 And no distinction made of Whore and Rogue;
 Thieving and Incest were but Venial Crimes,
 As Whoring, Gaming, Drinking, to these Times;
 Till Reason by Experience clearly saw,
 Men could not long subsist without a Law.
 The wiser Sort in friendly Manner join'd,
 And quickly by a Social League combin'd;
 For mutual Help each other's Aid they sought,
 And thus were into Form and Order brought.
 Necessity that first instructed Men to Live,
 Taught 'em by slow Degrees at length to Thrive;
 But too luxuriant Nature has at last,
 The great Design into a Labyrinth cast;
 And what for Use was once so well apply'd,
 By lavish Prodigality's deny'd.
 So vain Mankind do from their Safety fly,
 And for blest Freedom Court vile Slavery.

After

After some Ages in Confusion past,
 And nought but War succeeded War at last,
 Heav'n, that always was more kind to Man
 Then he was to himself, did thus Ordain,
 That States shou'd flourish, and that Laws
 The Ligaments of all Society. (shou'd be
 Then 'twas that *Solon* and *Licurgus* rose,
 And did the Force of Anarchy oppose;
 Then were the Rules of Law and Justice giv'n,
 And then *Astrea* did descend from Heaven.
 So *Sparta* and learn'd *Athens* did of Old,
 In Wisdom's Mines larger Possessions hold,
 Than all the World in Silver and in Gold.

From *Athens* *Rome* her mighty Treasure brings,
 And by it's Laws destroy'd her Tyrant Kings.

The Godlike *Brutus* laid the Corner Stone
 Of wholesom Laws and Liberty in *Rome*.

Hence

Hence did her awful Pow'r and Greatness rise,
And barb'rous distant Nations thought her Wise.

Now *Consuls* did strict Government Ordain,
And did like Patriots, not like Tyrants, Reign;
O'er all the World their easie Conquests spread,
And where their Arms triumph'd, the People led;
Not in base Servitude, but nobly as they Fought,
And Laws Impos'd, and Civil Manners Taught.
So wide of Force they did their Conquests awe,
'Twas not their Legions govern'd, but their Law.
Then 'twas her Two-neck'd Eagles 'gan to fly,
And spread their Wings of soft Humanity;
Like Fame they soar'd, and like her much did tell,
How *Roman* Virtue did the World excel.

How *Laelius* Friendship, and how *Scipio's* Love,
The bravest Souls to noblest Acts improve.
Glory spurs on, and dictates to my Theme,
The mention of Immortal *Cato's* Name.

Of Matchless *Cato* who'd not always hear,
 Whom People, Senate, all Men held so dear ?
 And who with his Great Soul dare now
 (compare?)

Fannus and *Scævola* we must admire,
 The first for Love, the next for Martial Fire.
Scipio shou'd I forget, sure I shou'd be
 Guilty of the most vile Stupidity.

Rome's Consulship he never did demand,
 For *Rome* did well his Virtues understand,
 And glory'd in the Triumphs of his Hand ;
 He taught their Armies th' use of Civil Laws,
 Which more victorious made *Rome's* Martial Cause.
 But shou'd I *Regulus* or *Camillus* Name,
 Whose Worth and Virtues far surpass their

(Fame,
 Where shou'd I hide the Vices of this Age for
 (Shame?)

No

No publick Frauds for Wealth did they Contrive,
 But how their Country and the State might
 Thrive;
 Greatness they did not in soft Garments Cloath,
 But Pride contemn'd, and all th' Effects of Sloth.
 Thus Rome had Statesmen undesign'dly Great,
 Who for the Publick scorn'd their private Fate,
 And all the Grandeur Int'rest cou'd create.
 Their lovely Deeds did for their Country prove
 'Twas publick Justice they were taught to Love;
 Rome's Discipline for Virtue was the School,
 The Knave to Punish, and Correct the Fool.
 Great *Curius* and *Fabritius* Names seem dear,
 When Rome base *Cassius*, *Mellius*, cou'd not bear,
 But as she did proud *Tarquin's* Name with fear.

Thus always Rome protect'd Virtues Cause,
 And on that Foot establish'd all her Laws;
 When Consuls cou'd no longer her Defend,
 But *Cæsar* to their Rule prescrib'd the End.

O'er

O'er all the Conquests that his Arms obtain'd,
The Laws of *Rome* without Controul there
(reign'd,
But *Britain Roman* Laws, tho' good, disdain'd.
She under *Cæsar's* Government was Free,
And bore his Yoke without the Slavery.

Not *Cicero's* Eloquence, or *Cæsar's* Pen,
 Cou'd move the Hearts of Stubborn *Englishmen* ;
 Ev'n then they were of Foreign Fashions Shy,
 Not to be flatter'd out of Liberty.
 By Force they yielded to *Rome's* conqu'ring Arms,
 But ne'er wou'd listen to her *Syren* Charms.
 In vain their Orators essay'd to Plead,
 And strove in vain by Language to Perswade,
 All Laws in *England* but her own will Fade.

In Course of Time, when *Rome* her Pow'r had
(lost,
The *Saxon* first our Eastern Ocean crost ;
C Rough

Rough as the *British* Race they hit the Clime,
 Nor strove to alter Customs in their Time.
 But Laws, and Rules, and Justice, they ordain'd,
 Suiting to those by which the *Britain's* reign'd,
 Nor was their Freedom lost, or yet restrain'd. }

But what the fam'd *Dunwallo* first had done,
 That they establish'd to the *British* Crown.
Dunwallo, who *Molmutine* Laws assign'd,
 And executed Justice in its kind:
 He Temples first a Sacred Refuge made,
 And did Protect the Plowman's Culter and his
 (Blade;
 From Theft and Rapine did the Land Defend,
 And Natures Laws he made his chiefest End.

So Sacred he esteem'd the Nations Cause,
 King *Alfred* did in *Saxon* write his Laws.

Nor

Nor ought my Muse pass over *Guitheline*,
A Famous Monarch of the *British* Line :
War-like and Brave he kept the *Picts* in Awe,
And blest his Country with the *Mercian* Law.

But see, how various are the Turns of Fate,
Some Male-contents there are in ev'ry State;
For in the best and wisest Government
There will be Villains, that are discontent.
For some in ev'ry Age have still been bad,
But none like *Englishmen* are always mad :
In troubled Waters still they most Delight,
Are often in the Wrong, but seldom in the Right.
Now left the *Saxons* exercise Command,
With too much Rule, and with too strict a
(Hand,
The Warlike *Danes* they to their Aid did call,
First set 'em up, and then proclaim'd their Fall.

With mighty Zeal they bring these Safe-guards)

(o'er,

Fanc'ing their Freedom lost they wou'd restore,

And Stake their own to gain a Foreign Pow'r.

But still the Laws kept steady in the State,

Which their own Merits, not their Craft, made

(Great ;

For had they not the Sence of Justice shown,

The Laws had been Subservient to the Crown :

But now for *England* 'tis a Happy thing,

The King makes Laws, but Laws direct the King.

Now *Saxons* do again their Pow'r obtain,

Not 'gainst the Laws, but with the Laws they

(Reign.

Alfred and *Edgar* well deserve our Praise,

Who rul'd with Justice till St. *Edward's* Days :

Edward who did religiously observe

The Laws, from whence he never once did swerve.

But

But when the *Norman* Duke assum'd the Throne,
 Boldly he did Attempt to've follow'd none,
 But what he introduc'd here of his own.
 In vain he did by Force the *English* try,
 For *Englishmen* of *Norman* Laws were shy;
 At last by flatt'ring Arts found how to Rule,
 The easie Statesman, and the stubborn Fool.

Tho' he to Law did subject his great Will,
 The heavy Pressure gaul'd the Monarch still,
 In spite of all his Policy and Skill:
 That in return he yok'd the Land then Free,
 Which blest the Son, who gave 'em Liberty.
 For *Henry* First with Mildness did withdraw,
 The weight and rigour of the *Norman* Law.
 From heavy Burdens set the People Free,
 And mov'd the Force of *Danegilt* Slavery.
 So great a Prince deserv'd a greater Name,
 Had not his Brother's cruel Death eclips'd his
 (Fame.

He

He Theft and Rapine punish'd by Just Laws,
 Nor spar'd the Robber to support the Cause;
 Not like King *Stephen's* Grants with lib'ral Hand,
 Who gave the Church more than they did
 (Demand.

From Temporal Laws he set the Clergy Free,
 But Bound the Lay-Men fast in Slavery;
 Till *Saxon* Blood in Second *Henry* broke
 The surville Fetters of the *Norman* Yoke.
 Tho' *Rome* from *Stephen* yet usurpt a Pow'r,
 Which the Church fail'd not to Improve each
 (Hour :

For Church-men then did ev'ry where controul,
 And shew'd how they cou'd Rule in *Becket's* Soul.
Becket, who once did fill the Chanc'lor's Chair,
 With haughty Mien, and with as proud an Air, }
 As if the Holy Father had himself been there. }
 And sure there none from him can empty come
 But all are laden with Rich Treasures Home.

Priests

Priests well might chuse from *Rome* a Sov'reign
 (Guide,
Rome taught 'em Priest-craft, Priest-craft taught
 ('em Pride.

But *Henry* did the Antient Laws Restore,
 In spite of *Rome* and all her thund'ring Pow'r.
Bulls had no Force, *Anathema's* were Vain,
 The King Resolv'd, and did his Pow'r Maintain.

No sooner was the Land from *Rome* made Free,
 But she return'd to her Captivity.
 While *Richard's* Triumphs grac'd abroad his
 (Crown,
 The Laws at Home were basely trampled down.
Ely, a subtil Church-man, so are all
 That crasp at Pow'r, the Scepter and the Ball;

Who from a Dunghil did derive his Blood,
 But Riches Honour made, well understood;
 And

And tho' more than the Church he rul'd the State,
 He made the Law still on the Gospel wait.
 If he was Just, Ambition was the Cause,
 Pride and Vain-glory did direct the Laws ;
 Despotick Tyranny was all his Right ;
 His Equity nought but oppressive Might.

At last like 7---s, but not half so Just,
 To servile Flight he put his final Trust ;
 But in Disguise he felt the Peoples Rage,
 Whose Fury scarce a Monarch cou'd Assuage.
 For as the vilest Traytor they did hawl
 And drag him into Durance like a Criminal.

When the Third *Henry* fill'd the *English* Throne,
 Then Justice, Law, and Liberty, were known :
 King *Edward's* Laws were once again reviv'd,
 And *Magna Charta* in full Freedom liv'd,
 Till *Chancery* last to base Corruptions grown,
 Defil'd the Laws, and oft disturb'd the Crown.

The

The Praise of *English* Laws my Muse relate,
 How they preserve the Crown, and guide the
 (State;
 In silence pass the former Ages by,
 And only speak of Modern Liberty.
 Tell how just Judgment flows throughout the
 (Land
 By Law, while Equity is at a stand.
 Describe this Monster that devours the State,
 And makes the People tremble at their Fate,
 To see by what vast Strength and Power she sways,
 And like *Leviathan* unknown pursues her Ways.
 Dark as the Pit of Hell, from whence she rose
 To vex the Land, and ruin its Repose;
 But e'er this furious Fiend at large I draw
 Again, I will repeat the Blessings of the Law.
 How from that Source the Government is blest,
 And all the People Live secure at rest.

For Property by Law is only known,
 Else we cou'd ne'er distinguish what's our own.
 And sure that Law secures Men best from Fears
 That tries the Justice of their Cause by Peers.
 No Laws more Just or Equal can be made,
 Than where one Weight is with another weigh'd.
 The Roman Laws with *English* ne'er cou'd Vie,
 If *England* was but purg'd from *Chancery* ;
 That first a great Allay of *Roman* had,
 But now's the very Sink of all that's Bad.
 How well our Liberties survive by Law,
 That serves the Good, and keeps the Bad in Awe.
 But how Notorious does the Villain Thrive
 By Equity, if he has in his Hive
 Honey enough to keep the Swarm alive ?
 Else like true Drones they die for want of Food,
 For they can nothing do, that is, no Good.

But

But if we shou'd (sad Fate) to Life's last Period
 (draw,
 And take our Sentence from the Common Law,
 How Happy may we think our Selves ev'n then,
 That we are to be Try'd like *Englishmen*.
 That no base Brib'ry can our Lives betray,
 Or foul Corruptions for Life's Ransom pay;
 And tho' we do not then our Judges chuse,
 Tender of Life, the Law allows us to refuse:
 Nay, ev'n so gen'rous have been made the Laws,
 They favour Treason, and the Traytor's Cause.

But if the Laws now good more rigid were,
 We're still secur'd from all Distrusts or Fear.
 Horatio's Just, without a Stain or Blot,
 And Judges mildly tho' his Temper's hot:
 None e'er possess'd that Sov'reign Seat so long
 With so great Honour, and so little Wrong.

None e'er the Laws of *England* better knew,
 And to those Laws and Country durst be true ;
 Fearless of Threats, for flatt'ring Arts too great,
 He Rules the Law, and by it serves the State.

Camillus o'er the Common Bench presides,
 And with th' exactest Rules of Justice guides.
 He Softens all the Rigour of the Laws,
 And Pleads as well as Judges ev'ry Cause :
 Not like gray *Publius*, for some secret End,
 Pronounce false Sentence to oblige his Friend.

Aurelius has so well his Court improv'd,
 For Law he's follow'd, and for Justice lov'd.
 And if slow *Chancery* quick Relief deny,
 As well as Law, distributes Equity.
 Not trapp'd with State, and so ty'd up by Rules,
 To Fetter Wise Men, and to Ruin Fools ;

But

But here Dispatch does on the Needy wait,
 For Law, if out of time comes oft, too late,
 Unless't be to conclude a Wretches Fate.

Fabritius, Servius, Lucius, Scæva, too,
 With equal Justice give the Law its due,
 And Vertue's Pow'r, by hating Vice, pursue.
 Not like proud *Gracchus*, laying Virtue by
 As they increase in Wealth or Dignity;
 Tho' *Blossius* did for private Ends comply,
 His Soul's too great to practice Tyranny.
 But *Mutius* does his Int'rest and his Love divide,
 Twixt fordid Av'rice and ambitious Pride;
 For Wealth and Honour strongly urge their
 (Cause,
 And oft Usurp upon our Friendly Laws.

Enough of Law, my Muse, now Satyr rise,
 And show how *Chanc'ry's* stock'd with Villanies;

Let

Let bitter'st Gall for Ink supply thy Pen,
 Spare not their Crimes, but lash the worst of Men:
 Accursed Crew! Oh! cou'd I make 'em feel
 My biting Words like Wounds of pointed Steel,
 That on their harden'd Consciences I may,
 Like the tormenting *Vulture*, ever prey:
 Or punish them, as *Midas* was of Old,
 By turning ev'ry Limb of them to Gold.
 Pure Gold, the living Idol of their Heart,
 That moves, and turns, and governs, ev'ry Part;
 But Heav'n's Curse allarms not then dull Fears,
 Since they on others place the Asses Ears.

Tell, *Satyr*, how this monstrous *Hydra* first
 Encreas'd in Pow'r till she to Hell was curs'd:
 How Sixty R-----s from barely Six were spawn'd,
 And like young Whelps at first for Victuals fawn'd;
 Then by their Masters Luxury and Ease,
 Grew fat and wanton with superfluous Fees,
 And now are grown the Nation's Foul Disease. }

They

They but demand, and what they ask they have,
 And while the Purse is full, they always crave.
 So greedy nought will cure their itching Paws,
 Unless you fright'em with a *Pauper Cause*.
 'Tis strange they shou'd from worse to worse
 (extend,
 Be thus corrupt, and none their Manners mend;
 While they do to their Masters Vices trust,
 To theirs, and to their own, are truly just,
 And are to Avarice, like Bawds to Lust.

Beside this buzzing Swarm of hungry Scribes,
 You've *Registers* that feed on nought but Bribes:
 So sharp and quick, that ev'ry Line they write
 Passes 'mong Lawing Fools for *Sterling Wit*;
 While wisely they with ev'ry Side comply,
 That with the ready Coin their Favours buy.
 Bless me! What Prodigies are these we see,
 That nothing now will thrive but Villany!

Savage

Savage we're grown, or *Centaur*s sure at least ;
 Half may be Man, the greater half is Beast :
 Virtue has long been starving with her Prize,
 For Equity wou'd never let her rise ;
 And that's a Paradox: For such a Doom
 Was never known in *Greece*, or Antient *Rome*.
 Plague, Fire & Civil War, have had their Course,
 But Time recovers their destroying Force,
 Yet settles *Chanc'ry* on us as a greater Curse.
 Don't *Regicides* at *Tyburn* oft relent,
 And wish they cou'd of former Sins repent?
 So *Chanc'ry* Men with all the Signs of Grace,
 Look sanctify'd as B---r---t in the Face :
 But like that subtil Presbyterian Saint,
 'Tis Hypocritical and downright Cant:
 Next, Satyr, tell how *Secretaries* guide
 The *Chanc'ry* Rudder, and steer with the Tide
 Of Lucre, Greatness, Luxury and Pride,
 Let Poverty appear in the best Dress
 Of Justice, Law, or virtuous Distress.

With all the moving Rhetorick of Need,
 Enough to make a *Jew* of *Venice* bleed,
 In vain this *Pauper* may Petition on,
 For he no Answer shall have but *Belgone*.
 Alas! his Story is a formal Lie,
 And when such Causes come in *Chancery*,
 How scandalous a thing is Poverty!
 Good Heavens! that Men shou'd ever thus devise
 To punish Virtue by such Villanies;
 The poor Man that solicites his own Cause,
 First runs the Hazard of this Monster's Jaws,
 Then all th' *Armado* on the *Pauper* draws.
Sollicitors! how numerous are their Fry,
 That for the Pence will Pimp, and Swear, and Lie,
 And venture now and then at Forgery?
 But they're below the Dignity of Verse,
 And wou'd defile my Satyr to rehearse.
 Then boldly paint the Gownsmen at the Bar,
 Nor for the Men their hated Vices spare.

E

Who's

Who's better fit to fill th' Q---n's S---ts Place,
 Than he that can like Nice Sir T----'s Drefs;
 With a foft Tone, and moving Eloquence,
 Harangue the Crowd with very little Sence;
 Commend alike the Vicious and the Good,
 But ne'er without his Fee be understood?
 H----r's a Babbler, D--b--ns tiresome grows,
 And bauls fo long till he has tir'd the Caufe,
 While C--p--r runs away with the Applaufe.
 Much Law he pleads from little of his own,
 Yet more fometimes than to the World is known.
 'Tis pity he had nothing else to fay,
 Than tell the Senate, and his Sence betray.
 That Law in *England* was not understood,
 When *Bracton*, *Britton*, *Glanvile*, thought it good:
 But modern Law is quite another Cafe,
 Noife now for Law, and Words for Learning pafs:

Elfe

Else why shou'd *J--n--gs* plead within the Bar,
 VWho from good VVit and Learning is as far
 As is th' *Antartick* from the *Artick* Star.
 He drudg'd at Law as Threshers at a Flail,
 And might drudge on if he'd not learn to Rail,
 If *Billingsgate* first had not taught him well,
 How he his Master's Rhetorick might excel.

V--r--n for Fees will plead the Villain's Cause,
 But let the *Pauper* perish by the Laws:
 For he that Money only strives to get,
 By Mis'ry still anticipates his Fate,
 And starves himself to make some other great.
 So *W----k*, *H--p--r*, *C--n--rs*, *J--k--ll*, thrive,
 And in Contempt of kind Compassion live.
 They prosper as th' insatiate *Jews* of Old,
 Who all the Blessings of their *Canaan* Sold,
 And sacrific'd their very Souls for Gold.

Hold,

Hold, Satyr, stop the Venom of thy Sting;
 Rise, Brighter Muse, and of *Trebonius* sing;
 Tell all the World how Justice fills that Seat,
 Makes *England* Happy, and *Trebonius* Great.
 Does he not guide his Conscience by the Law,
 And by that Conscience keep base Rogues in Awe?
 Devouring *Harpies*, that for Gold wou'd sell
 Their Country, Office, or Themselves, to Hell.
 But he their Crimes with Vengeance will pursue,
 And give to them, as to the Just, their Due.
 Has he not purg'd from rankest Bribery
 His Offices, that swarm with Villany?
 See but how *Bankrupts* are twice *Bankrupts* made
 By double Fees, and by the subtil Trade
 Of *Secretaries*, *Sealers*, *Clarks*, and *Knaves*,
 That lord it o'er poor *Suitors* as their Slaves.
 But let such in *Eternal Flames* Expire,
Gorgons, and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's*, Dire.

F I N I S.